

Good Morning 458

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Why M.P.'s do not "Resign" (By J. Michaelson)

THE House of Commons does not permit a Member to resign on the grounds that he is ill, old, or no longer agrees with the views of his constituents. Three hundred years and more ago, when being elected to Parliament was something of a penance, Members tried all sorts of schemes for getting out of unpopular service. The authorities, on the other hand, had fines for non-attendance, and accepted no excuses, except the commission of a felony, going bankrupt, or being certified as a lunatic.

Anxious as they might be to resign from Parliament, few M.P.s were prepared to go to this length to achieve their object. A "legal" way of resigning was thus devised about the beginning of the 18th century, when serving as an M.P. was no longer a hardship, but a privilege.

AN Act had been passed in 1705 designed to prevent the Government or the Sovereign corrupting Members. It ordered that any Member accepting an office of profit under the Crown should have his election considered void, and that a new writ should be issued. This provided a way out. A Member had only to take an office of profit, and he automatically ceased to be a Member.

Occasionally you will see an announcement in "The London Gazette" that the Chancellor of the Exchequer has appointed the Rt. Hon. So-and-So, M.P., to be Steward and Bailiff of the Chiltern Hundreds. It says nothing about "resigning" his seat, but that is exactly what it means. Mr. Smith-Brown might be appointed to the stewardship of the Manors of East Hendred or of Northstead and Hempholme in an emergency, but for a long time now the Chiltern Hundreds have sufficed for all the resignations required.

What are the Chiltern Hundreds? They are some thousands of acres in Buckinghamshire, the old "Hundreds" of Stoke, Desborough and Boneham, which are now pleasant parks and fields, but which, in the distant past, were forests, and, as such, the refuge of brigands and highwaymen. The Steward and Bailiff was appointed to manage these for the Crown.

In the words of the Warrant of appointment, the Steward is empowered to have all "Wages, Fees, Allowances and other Privileges and Pre-eminences whatsoever to the said offices belonging" and to "hold and keep Courts." There are now no wages, fees, allowances or anything else, and no courts to be held or kept. The Steward, in fact, does nothing and gets nothing, but for purposes of the Act, this is an office of profit and enables an M.P. to give up his seat in the Commons.

Holding the office for one hour is sufficient to provide for resignation. The normal procedure is for a Steward and Bailiff to hold office until another appointment is made—in other words, until another M.P. wants to resign. It may be a matter of weeks or of months, but on occasions two appointments have been made on the same day—one, it may be supposed in the morning and another in the afternoon. For some reason, this is preferred where there are two resignations to the appointment of Stewards to the other "Hundreds" in Yorkshire, which I have mentioned.

To-day an M.P. has usually only to apply for the Hundreds to be granted the office by the Chancellor of the Exchequer,

who has the "patronage." But in the 18th century, when this device was first used, it was otherwise. A Chancellor would grant or refuse the Chiltern Hundreds as suited his party or even his personal whim.

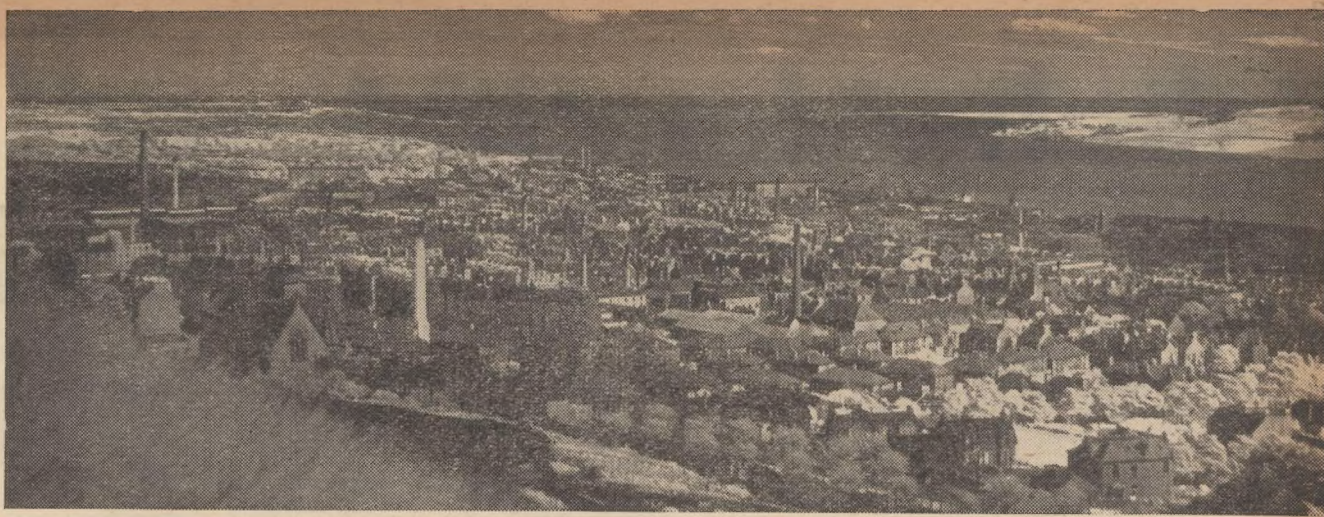
In 1775, a Bill was introduced by a member of the Opposition to enable a Member to resign simply by sending a letter to the Speaker. This was resisted by the Government on the grounds that by wholesale resignations, the Opposition would be able to force a General Election on the House whenever they wished. The Bill was defeated, but the Opposition found a way round the difficulty by the discovery that certain appointments in the Militia were sufficient to exclude holders from the Commons. Several Members resigned by getting themselves appointed "Agents to the Militia," and the position then became generally that any Member who applied for the Hundreds should be granted them.

The exceptions have arisen where a Member may have attempted to resign to cheat the ends of justice—as, for instance, to anticipate his expulsion from the House for corruption or bribery. It is a long time since such a case arose. The only other change that has been made has been in the terms of the warrant appointing the Steward and Bailiff.

Originally this was couched in flattering terms, as it might well be, since the office was probably a nice little "perk," with useful fees and privileges. It spoke of the steward's "care and fidelity" and the "trustworthy confidence" reposed in him, etc. Mr. Gladstone, when Chancellor, had to appoint to the Chiltern Hundreds a Member who was under a cloud. With his keen sense of morality, he felt these flattering terms were too much, and in future warrants he omitted all reference to the character of the person appointed, the custom continuing to-day!

Ill-health and the desire to retire from Parliamentary life are the commonest reasons for a Member seeking the Chiltern Hundreds. But there have been occasions when he has "resigned" simply to be able to fight again.

This was the case with Bradlaugh, who asked for the Chiltern Hundreds, and then, when the new writ was issued, stood for Parliament and was re-elected. He wished to demonstrate that the electorate was behind him in his battle over the Oath. A century ago, Baron Lionel de Rothschild accepted the Chiltern Hundreds because he would not swear "the true faith of a Christian."



DUNDEE

JUTE and jam jetties, a visitor would imagine, are what Dundee is made of.

If the Tayside town is your home town you will probably think the same, though, to you, Law Hill and Lochlee Park are equally reminiscent, and possibly more representative.

The origin of Dundee can be traced back with comparative certainty to the dim Prehistoric period. It is unquestionable that the first Dundee—by whatever name it was called—was a little fishing village at the Stannergait, relics of which have been found within recent years.

These consist of funeral urns of unburnt clay, stone coffins with human remains, and similar proofs of early occupancy. The most valuable archaeological find was the disclosure of a large shell-bed or "kitchen-midden," which was exposed during the operation of excavating between the river and the railway in 1878 to provide materials for the embankment of a timber pond that formed an extension of the Dundee harbour.

This deposit contained a large number of the shells of edible molluscs, mixed with a quantity of burned wood, pieces of bone artificially split, porpoise bones, deer-horns, and stone implements. These relics plainly showed that a colony of fishermen had resided at this spot.

The date was probably long anterior to the Roman occupation of Scotland, since

twelve cists or stone coffins of the latter era had been interred eight feet above the shell-bed. Ages must have elapsed between the time when the Stannergait was inhabited by these early fishermen and the Stone-period when the interments took place.

The oldest street in Dundee is the passage from the shore

part of the civilised world. Some think that Dundee is noted for its whale and seal fisheries, but these are not now so important as they were.

The town is of truly handsome appearance, well situated between the River Tay and the Sidlaw Hills, and can boast some fine buildings, many of which, including the fine Morgan Hospital and

The Parish Church was built in the twelfth century by David, Earl of Huntingdon, the story goes, in fulfilment of a vow made when in peril at sea on his return from the Crusades. The present church tower is of later date. A fine esplanade, more than two miles in length, has been built along the river front.

From Dundee it is easy to explore the surrounding country. Several pleasant little residential resorts lie to the east of Dundee, such as West Ferry and Broughty Ferry, and only a short distance beyond are those delightful resorts so well known to the golfer, Barry, Monifieth and Carnoustie. Carnoustie is also a popular seaside resort.

On a clear day one can see from this part far away at sea the Bell Rock and Lighthouse, noted in Southey's well-known "Inchcape Bell."

Westward, one may travel along the northern shores of the Firth of Tay, through Perth away to the Highlands or the lovely Lake Districts. In a northerly direction a line leads up to beautiful Strathmore for Coupar-Angus and Blairgowrie, or to Forfar and Glamis. Southward, by means of that wonderful piece of engineering work, the Tay Bridge, one may explore the many interests of the County of Fife.

Dundee in war-time is much like Dundee in peacetime. The men drink in the evenings and the women go to the films or stay home. The Locarno and the Legion, the Progress and the Palais and the Empress, local jive centres, are thriving, and such stars as Renee Houston and popular dance bands that jazz Scottish songs, pack the Palace Theatre.

In the City Square is a tablet bearing words of thanks from the Polish Army to the local inhabitants for the good time they gave them in the first years of the war.

To leave this very Scottish town en route for England, the most striking exhibit of all is crossed—the Tay Bridge, second longest bridge in the world. On the journey southward one feels a trifle disappointed, travelling that 10,200 feet of constructional masterpiece that behind only a pall of smoke and some docks represent Dundee.

Going North, one doesn't care if it's one's home town.

Next week we'll meet on the River Thames at Richmond.

Ron Richards takes you to the home of sweet things, Cake and Marmalade

University College, have been given and maintained by prominent citizens.

Baxter and Lochlee Parks, too, were presented to the town. From Dundee Law, 600 feet above sea-level, there is a magnificent view of the town and surrounding country. Amongst the other fine buildings in the city are the Royal Exchange, the Court Hall, Town Hall, and the Albert Institute. The last-named has a picture gallery, a free library, and a museum in which is the skeleton of the Tay whale—an enormous creature, captured in local waters some time since.

There are plenty of means of amusement in the city, as well as antiquarian interests in the neighbourhood.

News from Your Fireside Gunner Archibald Barrett



HERE is a picture taken at your own fireside at 185 Springfield Road, Cowgate, Newcastle-on-Tyne, on a Sunday afternoon, when Pop and Mum were having a read of the papers in front of a cheery fire.

While this was happening, who should come along but Harry Eden for his usual chat with Pop. He said something about wanting another member for his concert party, and Mum chimed in with, "Well, Archie can sing, especially when he's in the bath." We do the same, though, Archie.

The boys of Tilley's keep asking about you, and Albert was "playing war" because he didn't see you last leave.

We left Mum and Pop still seated by the fireside, and as we went out they said, "Best of luck, Archie; lots of good targets." And all's well at home. Good hunting!

Here lies David Garrick, describe me who can, An abridgement of all that was pleasant in man. Goldsmith.

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

Caliph Alraschid was nearly Beheaded

CALIPH Haroun Alraschid, of Bagdad (said Scheherazade to the sultan, while her sister Dinarzade sat beside her at the foot of the royal bed) was one of the most famous rulers. He accustomed himself to walk abroad in disguise, very often at night, that he might see with his own eyes everything was quiet in the city, and that no disorders were committed.

One night the caliph went out pretty early on his rambles accompanied by Giafar, his grand vizier, and Mesrour, the chief eunuch of the palace; all disguised in merchants' habits.

As they were passing through a street they heard music and great fits of laughter coming from a house occupied by three strange sisters, named Zobeide, Amine and Safie.

The caliph commanded the vizier to knock, because he would go in to know the reason of that jollity.

Safie opened the gate; and the vizier said, Madam, we are three merchants of Mossoul, that arrived about ten days ago with rich merchandise, which we have in a warehouse at a khan, or inn, where we have also our lodging. We happened this day to be with a merchant of this city, who invited us to a treat at his house, where we had a splendid entertainment; but the music and dancers making a great noise, the watch came by in the mean time, caused the gate to be opened, and some of the company to be taken up; but we had the good fortune to escape, by getting over a wall.

Now, saith the vizier, being strangers, and somewhat overcome with wine, we are afraid of meeting another, or perhaps the same watch. Wherefore, madam, hearing, as we passed this way, the sound of music, we supposed you were not yet going to rest, and made bold to knock at your gate, to beg the favour of lodging ourselves in the house till morning.

Safie acquainted her sisters with the matter, who considered for some time what to conclude upon; but being naturally of a good disposition, and having granted the same favour to three calenders (travellers) and a porter, they at last consented to let them in.

The caliph, his grand vizier, and the chief of the eunuchs,

being introduced by the fair Safie, very courteously saluted the ladies and the calenders: the ladies returned them the like civilities, supposing them to be merchants.

Zobeide, as the chief, says to them with a grave and serious countenance, which was natural to her, You are welcome: but before I proceed farther, I hope you will not take it ill if we desire one favour of you.

Alas! said the vizier, what favour? We can refuse nothing to such fair ladies.

Zobeide replied, It is, that you would only have eyes but no tongues; that you put no questions to us about the reason of any thing that does not concern you, lest you come to hear of things that will not please you.

Madam, replied the vizier, you shall be obeyed. Upon this, they all sat down; and the company being united, they drank to the health of the new comers.

While Giafar entertained the ladies in discourse, the caliph could not forbear to admire their extraordinary beauty, graceful behaviour, pleasant humour and ready wit; on the other hand, nothing was more surprising to him than the calenders being all three blind of the right eye. He would gladly have been informed of this singularity; but the conditions so lately imposed upon himself and his companions would not allow him to speak.

This, with the richness of the furniture, the exact order of every thing, and neatness of the place, made him to think it was some enchanted ground.

Zobeide now arose, and, taking Amine by the hand, said, Pray, sister, rise up, for the company will not take it ill if we use our freedom; and their presence need not to hinder our performance of what we are wont to do.

Amine, understanding her sister's meaning, rose up from her seat, carried away the dishes, the tables, the flasks, and cups.

Safie was not idle, but swept the room, put every thing again in its place, snuffed the candles, and put fresh aloes and ambergris to them, and then prayed the calenders to sit down upon the sofa on one side, and the caliph with his two companions on the other.

As to the porter, she says to him, Get up, and prepare yourself to serve in what we are going about: a man like you, that is one of the family, ought not to be idle. The porter, being somewhat recovered from his wine, got up immediately.

A little time after, Amine came in with a chair, which she placed in the middle of the room, and so went to a closet, which having opened, she beckoned to the porter, and says to him, Come hither, and help me; which he obeying, entered the closet, and returned immediately, leading two black bitches, with each of them a collar and chain; they looked as if they had been severely whipped with rods, and he brought them into the middle of the room.

Then Zobeide, rising from her seat, between the calenders and the caliph, marched very gravely towards the porter: Come on, says she, with a great sigh: let us perform our duty. Then, tucking up her sleeves above her elbows, and receiving a rod from Safie, Porter, says she, deliver one of the bitches to my sister Amine, and come to me with the other.

The porter did as he was commanded: the bitch that he held



in his hand, began to cry, and, turning towards Zobeide, held her head up in a begging posture; but Zobeide, having no regard to the sad countenance of the bitch, which would have moved pity, nor her cries, that sounded through all the house, whipped her with a rod, till she was out of breath; and having spent her strength, that she could strike no more, she threw down the rod, and, taking the chain from the porter, lifted up the bitch by the paws, and looking upon her with a sad and pitiful countenance, they both wept: after which, Zobeide, with her handkerchief, wiped the tears from the bitch's eyes, kissed her, returned the chain to the porter, bade him carry her to the place whence he took her, and bring her the other.

The porter led back the whipped bitch to the closet; and receiving the other from Amine, presented her to Zobeide, who bade the porter hold her as he did the first, took up the rod, and treated her after the same manner: and when she had wept over her, dried her eyes, and kissed her, returned her to the porter; but lovely Amine spared him the trouble of leading her back into the closet, and did it herself.

The three calenders, and the caliph with his companions, were extremely surprised at this execution, and could not comprehend why Zobeide, after having so furiously whipped those two bitches, that by the Mussulman religion are reckoned unclean animals, should cry with them, wipe off their tears, and kiss them.

After Zobeide sat down, the whole company was silent for a while: at last, Safie, sitting on a

chair in the middle of the room, spoke to her sister Amine, Dear Sister, I conjure you to rise up: you know well enough what I would say.

Amine arose, and went into another closet, near to that where the bitches were, and brought out a case covered with yellow satin, richly embroidered with gold and green silk: she came near Safie, and opened the case, from whence she took out a lute, and presented it to her; and after some time spent in tuning it, Safie began to play, and, accompanying it with her voice, she sang a song about the torments that absence creates to lovers with so much sweetness, that it charmed the caliph and all the company.

Having sung with a great deal of passion and action, she said to lovely Amine, Pray take it, sister, for I can do no more; my voice fails me; oblige the company with a tune and a song in my room.

Amine was obliged, for air, to uncover her neck and breast, which did not appear so fair as might have been expected from such a lady as she; but on the contrary, black and full of scars, which frightened all the spectators. However, this gave her no ease, but she fell into a fit.

This increased the caliph's astonishment. It may be, says he, this other man that is with you may know something of it. Let him ask this lady.

At these words, Zobeide looked with a stern countenance; and, turning towards the caliph and the rest of the company, Is this true gentlemen, says she, that you have given him orders to ask me this question? All of them, except Giafar, who spoke not a

The THOUSAND and ONE NIGHTS

her foot; and, clapping her hands as often together, cried, Come quick. Upon this, a door flew open, and seven strong, sturdy black slaves, with scimitars in their hands, rushed in. Every one seized a man, threw him on the ground, and dragged him into the middle of the room, in order to cut off his head.

(To be continued)

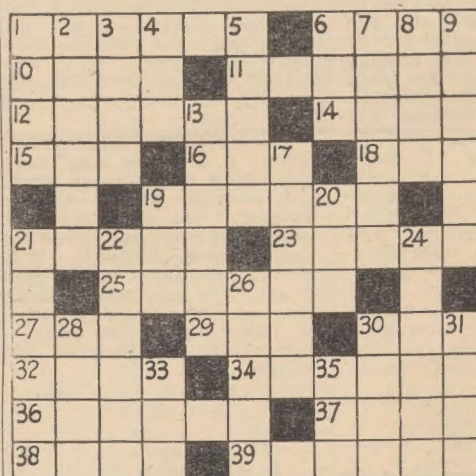
WANGLING WORDS—397

1. Put the origin in RES and get supplies.
2. Rearrange the following letters and get four common wild flowers: CERTPUTUB, LOTIVE, SORPERIM, SORE.
3. In the following four weapons the same number stands for the same letter throughout. What are they? 3W671, 32B75, 74895, 8649.
4. Find a bush and a tree hidden in: The night he went to Bangor secretly, ewes and lambs disappeared from the farm.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 396

1. Blade.
2. KEPLER, NEWTON, EINSTEIN.
3. Linen, Cotton, Poplin.
4. P-rivet, B-r-am-bie.

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Liquids.
- 6 Plug.
- 10 Open.
- 11 Dive.
- 12 Sleigh.
- 14 Fibula.
- 15 Drink.
- 16 Jot.
- 18 Groove.
- 19 Rummage.
- 21 Jelly.
- 23 Impaired by neglect.
- 25 Instrumentality.
- 27 Pointed tool.
- 29 Eggs.
- 30 Apron-top.
- 32 State of Asia.
- 34 Part of jacket.
- 36 Again.
- 37 Marsh plant.
- 38 Beehive.
- 39 Sketches.

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Fair.
- 2 Except when.
- 3 Notion.
- 4 Fish.
- 5 Clip.
- 6 Small flap.
- 7 Loves much.
- 8 Food list.
- 9 Attractive.
- 13 Shopkeeper.
- 17 Package.
- 19 Fruit.
- 20 Boy's name.
- 21 Lowers.
- 22 Big building.
- 24 Iron bracket.
- 26 Nuzzled.
- 28 Twinkle.
- 30 Flesh food.
- 31 Short county.
- 33 Swab.
- 35 Space of time.

A BASIL SAY
PLANE OCHRE
POST COHORT
RUE BANANA
ORDEAL RENT
V CROFT O
EARL MISFIT
LOAFER ROT
JOVIAL BINE
INERT MOLAR
BED SHAWL Y

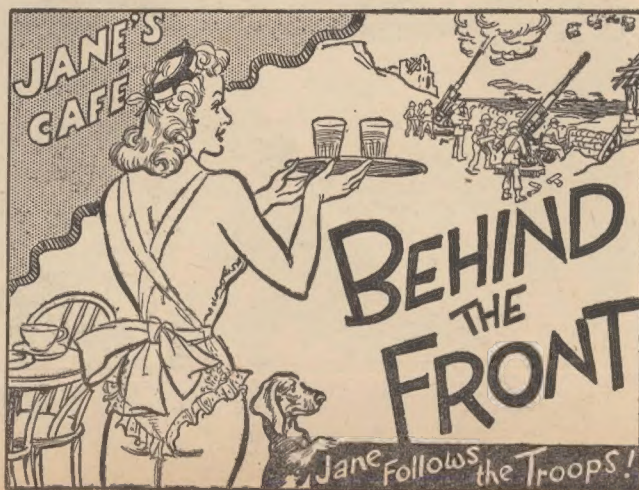
QUIZ for today

1. A scrivello is a writing-pad, copy-writer, journalist, small tusk, kind of fountain-pen?
2. What is the usual name of the animal sometimes called a sarlac?
3. What are the "gentles" with which anglers bait their hooks?
4. What is the difference between the words secretary and secretary?
5. What strait separates Australia from New Guinea?
6. All the following are real words except one; which is it? Sextan, Sexile, Sextet, Sexton, Sextile, Sextain.

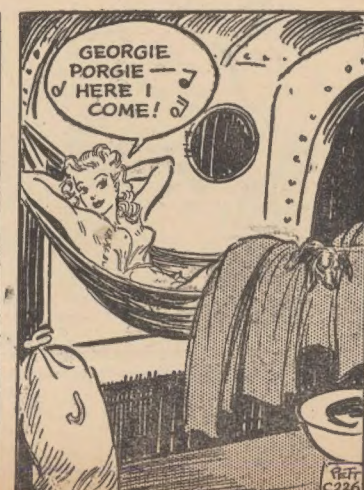
Answers to Quiz in No. 457

1. Part of a gun.
2. Dunlin.
3. Shinty-sticks (like hockey sticks). Scotland.
4. Griffin is a fabulous creature; Griffon is the mountain vulture.
5. Scym.
6. Scude.

JANE



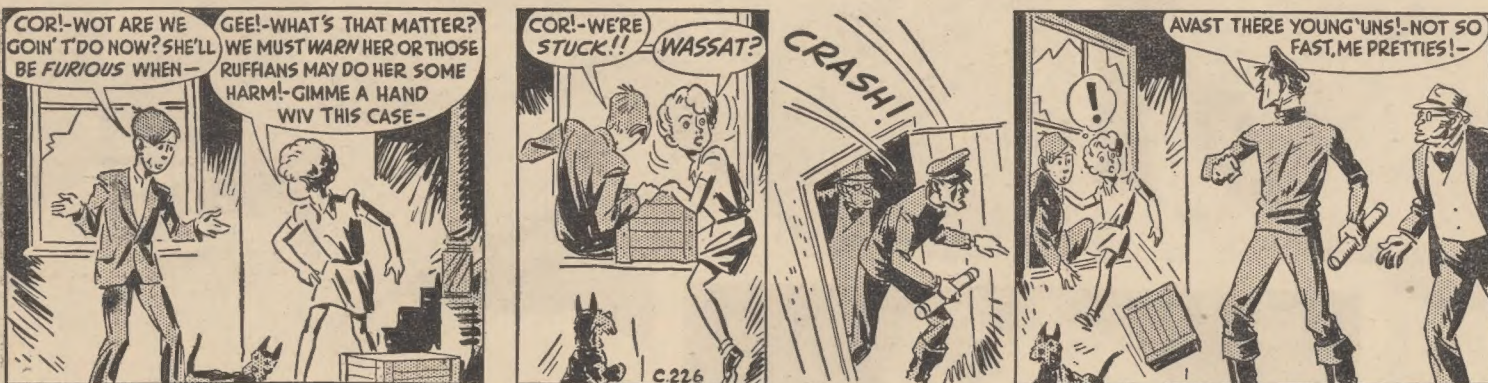
Jane is sailing to France with a party of E.F.I. girls to run a canteen for the troops behind the lines



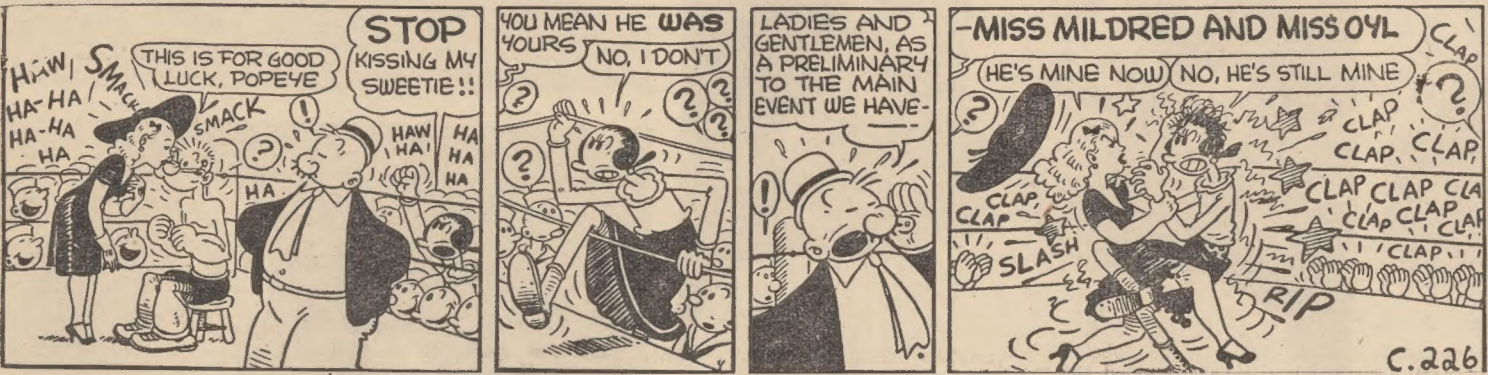
BEELZEBUB JONES



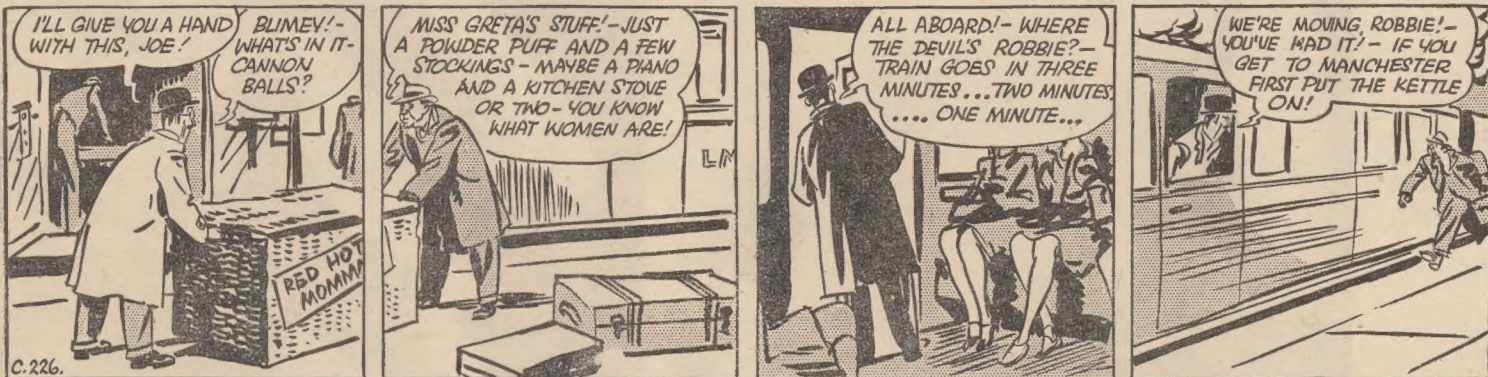
BELINDA



POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



I get around-

RON RICHARDS' COLUMN

NEWEST and most enterprising journal of the National Fire Service is "Despatch," edited, written and printed by youth messengers of the Barking N.F.S.

Leading Messenger Gordon Bennett, a 16-year-old junior in the London office of the "Birmingham Mail," is a boy with ideas—he's editor.

His assistants are Messenger Peter Beard, circulation manager, who attends a secondary school, and Messenger Ken Newton, who is sub-editor.

Newton is perhaps brightest of the three bright boys—he writes authoritatively on youth and culture, and is an executive of Britain Youth Movement.

Another contributor is Leading Messenger Ted Dalton—he spends his days as a copy boy on the sports desk of the "Star."

The office has a newsy atmosphere; phones ring constantly, and questions are asked and answered in rapid fire. The team has a considerable knowledge, and the rest is made up with enthusiasm.

The circulation is less than a thousand; the paper is printed on a duplicator, and circulates to outlying fire stations.

Section Leader Packford, an N.F.S. staff officer, fathers the enterprise, and explains that all editorial duties are extra to routine messenger work. N.F.S. messenger service is, though not commonly supposed, a department of the official pre-service training scheme.

THE masked and hooded negro-hating Ku-Klux-Klan, fanatical terrorist organisation of the Southern States of U.S.A., has been disbanded as a national organisation, cables a New York correspondent.

Imperial Wizard James Colescott said that the Klan, which claimed 510,000 members in the 1920s, had cancelled its constitution and revoked charters to all provisional Klans.

"But this does not mean that the Klan is dead," he said. "I'm still the Imperial Wizard, and other officials still retain their titles, although their functions are suspended."

"We have authority to meet and reincarnate at any time."

Patterned upon the original Ku-Klux-Klan, which flourished in the reconstruction period after the Civil War, Knights of Ku-Klux-Klan was formed in 1915 by a travelling salesman preacher, William Simmons.

Its aims were white supremacy, real patriotism and pure Americanism.

It caused a sensation in the South. Klan members held secret meetings, wore masks and hooded white robes, and brought meetings to emotional climaxes beneath the blaze of a white cross in open country.

EDINBURGH Regal Cinema, with a seating accommodation for 3,000, was specially opened one morning recently for the benefit of two people, Mr. and Mrs. William Sutherland, of 5 Stenhouse, Edinburgh.

The exclusive performance was to give Mr. and Mrs. Sutherland an opportunity of seeing their son, O.S. Robert Sutherland, of the Royal Navy, on a particular news film which had been sent up from London for their benefit.

Robert, who is on H.M.S. "Kelvin," had been pictured beside the Prime Minister in Normandy. Anxiously the parents waited for this part of the film, but when it came on the screen there was no sign of the boy on it.

UPLIFT on the part of the Twickenham Firewatchers' Association is suspected by hundreds of fire-watching residents who have received a proposal that their Association shall be re-named "The Twickenham Borough Council Social Reconnaissance Society."

Ron Richards

Alex Cracks

Jones was a draper's apprentice. At night he shared a bed with one of the other assistants. One bitterly cold night the latter awoke to find that all the bedclothes had been removed by his bedfellow, neatly folded, and placed in a pile. His bedfellow, still asleep, was sitting on the edge of the bed, shivering, and saying, "What else can we show you, madam?"

Good
Morning

OVER



THERE

Six of ENSA'S Lovelies visit France



Seated in the fore-
front is London-born
Joan Wellden, just
relaxing.



The gay smile
and fascinating
scanties came
from Liverpool
with Ann Begley.



Dorothy Perkins, born in Sheffield,
was born to dance. She's got auburn
hair and green eyes ; we guess you
can add it up.



Newcastle-on-Tyne's Peggy
Marshall looks into the sun
and takes it easy. She's one
of Ensa's smartest impres-
sionists—we wouldn't mind
being impressed !



If ever we wanted some-
one to telephone us,
this is the way we'd like
it done. She's handsome,
she's appealing — she's
Betty Neil.

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"I won't say what
I'm thinking."

